



FREE!!

**BALLOON
INSIDE!!**

in this issue~

THE 2-STROKE DIARIES: A Living Legend Exposed.

WAVIS LOW PROFILE

A WACKY CARTOON FUN GRAB-BAG

limited edition!!

Bims

BIG FUR COATS

MAGIC

**FREE
BLOBS**

**SPECIAL OFFER**

orgatips

pack of 4 with each cont

[illegible]

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
WACKY COMICS CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

TED DEMPSTER

GIANT APE

It was just another summer day in New York City, except a 400foot Gorilla was tearing the city apart. As a last resort Ted Dempster, age 'tes, had been called in to assist....

Building by building the ape was flattening the whole city.

It's gotten our building!

CRUNCH!

It grabbed women, but unlike King Kong it squeezed them 'til their heads came off.

Grrr! Sikt? Der.... It's head's come off of it!!

Jeez!!!

Curiously, it stopped at every bank and carefully grabbed vast sums of money and gold bullion....

C'mon loot, gatcha! ass the hell out!

THE BANK

Geel! A whole bunch of don!!

The mayor was worried....

Hmm!

Godsdan monkey son of a bitch!!!

Was it too late for Dempster to save the city from this giant gorilla of doom? Could he possibly succeed where both the army and police had failed, or would New York and it's inhabitants be crushed to pulp?

Suddenly Dempster turns on the mayor and blasts him in the gut...

Hey, what's with the shooter pal... AGHH!

PUNK!!!

As the mayor's body fell to the ground, the ape mysteriously vanished!

Dempster explained....

It was all a trick by the mayor, using a projector hidden in his pipe. The mayor was in fact bank robber Stig Smith in disguise!

And so another case is closed by Dempster, and New York is saved and the people are very relieved.

THE END

blind man

PLEASE SAY "ORANGE"!

NEVER ENCOURAGE "ORANGE" AND "LAVENDER"!

ALL WITH YOUR FINGER! PROBLEM - VERY "QUALITY" RASHES!

VICTOR PRATT

THE STUPID TWAT

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU COULDN'T CARRY SOMETHING? WHY I WOULD DROP IT, VIC.

HEHE! THAT'S WHAT I DID!!

WHAT DID THE BLIND MAN SAY TO THE ORANGE ? ANSWERS ON A POSTCARD PLEASE.

THE DAY I DINED WITH MARG. (THERM.)

A TALE OF ONE MAN'S JOY AS HE FULFILLS HIS AMBITION TO DINE WITH MARGARET THATCHER.

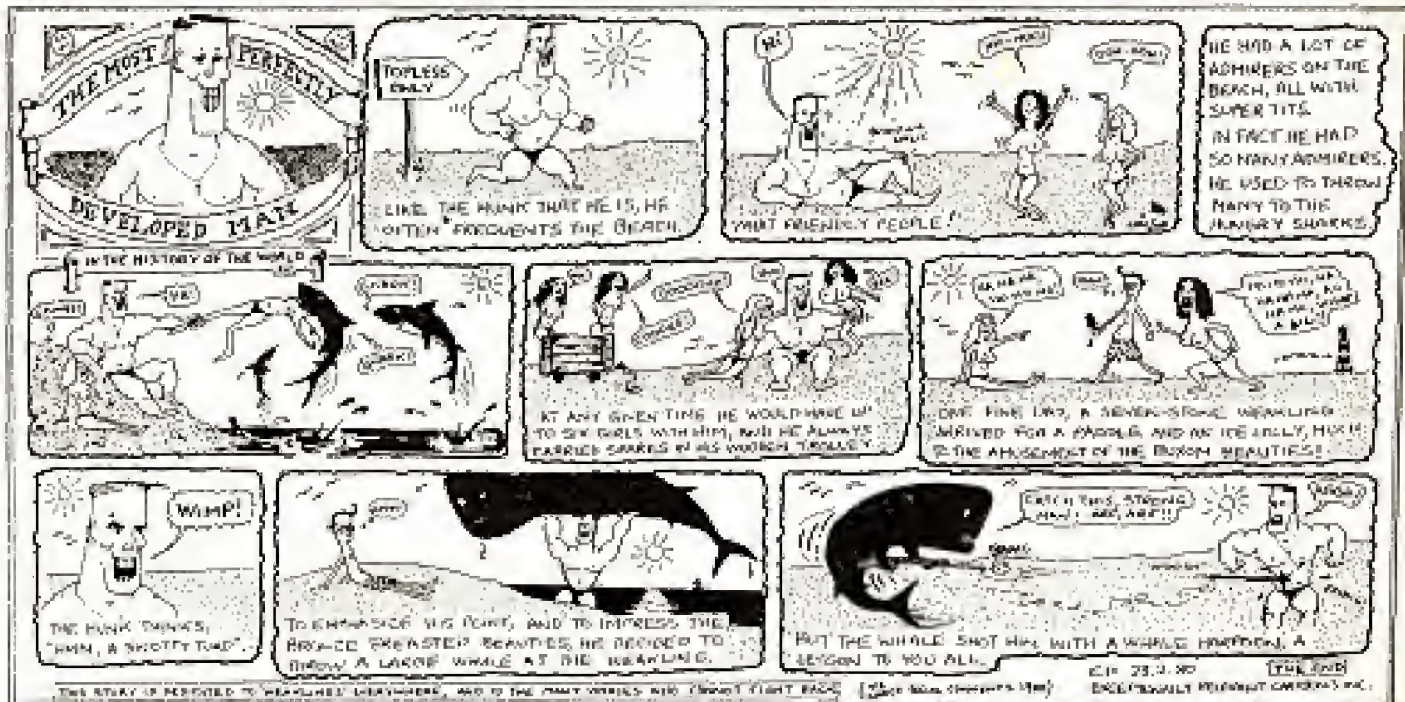
THE DOC 1980

IT WAS A REALLY GREAT DAY, I WAS DROPPED TO NO.10 IN A 'BOLUS', I WAS INTRODUCED TO THE P.M. AND WE SAT DOWN TO LUNCH...

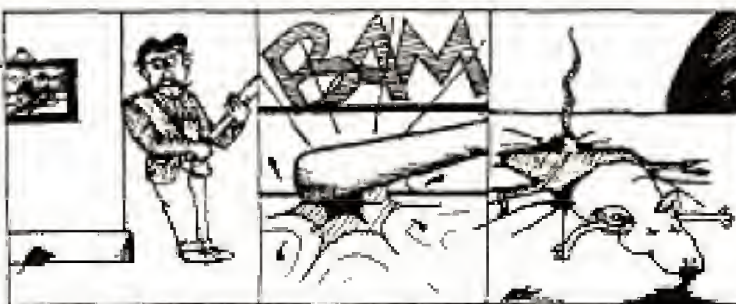
DELICIOUS!

ALAS, I HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO PAZZ IN HER FACE

BUSINESS NEWS



MICE



A DIARY

BY ARTHUR 2-STROKE

MONDAY

Open the mail, invitation to a tupperware party, (mmm, think I'll go to that), letter from Ian Vegas confirming my week long engagement at Casanova Palace. Nice support bill they've got me, Tom Jones and Sinatra.

Glance at my Rolex, 12.30, just time for a quick dip in the pool followed by toast, a dry Martini, and a recycled Woodbine for afters. (Old habits die hard).

6 O'clock - Yummy, tomato sauce sandwiches.

TUESDAY

Wake up at 3 O'clock in the morning. Am bored and have a big stiffen. I try not to stick the pages together.

WEDNESDAY

4.10 PM - Go out spotting shirt sleeve in the middle of winter boys.

Decide to award myself some medals.

Get a phone call from Wavis - it convinces me I'm not as mad as him yet. He tells me about his new acquaintance. This new mate has a circle of three friends, his mother, Wavis and the girl in Box 3 at 10.40 on a Tuesday morning. Wavis bends my ear about him, the fact that he plays synthesizer and lives in his wardrobe. "Shall we go ahead with the 32 track single?" inquires Wavis. "Yes!" I yawn.

THURSDAY

Busy all day robbing £4 million in silver bullion. Ha ha! Haven't helped police with their inquiries yet. Bunged D.I. Pyke a toaster to keep his marf shut.

FRIDAY

The weekend starts here! I slip on my 100% mohair suit. I fed my robots today. They got new rabbit flavoured status and crunchy career opportunities. Listen to my favourite record "Die Robots" by the Silicon Chips.

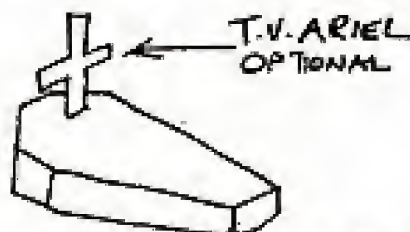
SATURDAY

I fly to Vegas in my private fastest plane in the world. Starsky and Hutch drop round and Hutch forgets his new demo tape on me and offers me a part in their new film. Then I KILL KOPAK.

SUNDAY

Make guest appearance on Circuit 11, Miami. Money is no object, so my brief is Perry Mason. We lose the case and I get sentenced to death on the electric chair. After waiting 22 years on Death Row, I die. My servants put me in my cryonic tomb and Dr Christian Bernard brings me back to life at a rip-off price..... A massive theme tune echoes across the cosmos, a voice says, "POKE IT UP YOUR DIRT BOX!"

END SUPREMACY
378



P.S. ... FOR SALE
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For that big occasion

VICTOR PRATT

★ THE STUPID TWAT ★



hot sex

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HORNY ST.
SOHO.



*READERS OF #15H. ONE WILL REMEMBER "The Revenge of the STEEL SKULL"... Hope he don't KNEECAP TUBBY ROUND eh! (ed)

NEXT ISH...
"THE SEVEN BRIDES OF "THE STEEL SKULL" RIDE AGAIN FOR A FEW \$ DOLLARS MORE"

SKINHEAD

3

THE PROBLEMS OF GROWING UP IN THE CONCRETE JUNGLE.



SKINHEAD WAS TOLD HE WAS FREE AFTER SERVING 3 YEARS, SO HE WAS...



...HAD PRESSED TO UNDERSTAND WHY HE WAS NOT ALLOWED TO ENTER THE CITY'S NEW SHOPPING CENTRE WITH ALL ITS CONDITIONING AND RECREATIONAL FACILITIES.



'HUMAN' TO THE POLICE AS AN OVER BOMBEROUS MIMICRY. SKINHEAD WAS ALWAYS BEING WATCHED AND SUSPECTED.



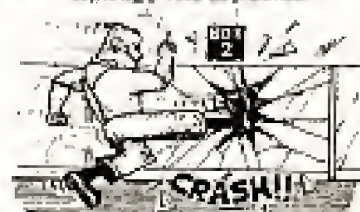
BITTER AND DISILLUSIONED WITH HIS SECOND CLASS STATUS IN SOCIETY, HE BLASTS A MOB WITH A ZIP GUN.



THE SOCIAL WORKERS PUT IT ALL DOWN TO HIS BACKGROUND, AND SOCIETY ITSELF, BEARING...



THIS IN MIND, HIS RESPECT FOR SOCIETY, AND ALSO A PASSING WOMAN, IS LESSENED.



THE PROSPECT OF LONG TERM UNEMPLOYMENT LOOKS LARGE, AND AT THE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE HIS FRUSTRATIONS BECAME APPARENT.



THE ASSISTANT WAS ENTHUSIASTIC AND NOT WHOLLY UNLIKE A COMPUTER. SKINHEAD DID NOT LIKE HIM AT ALL.



IT WASN'T LONG TIL THE POLICE WERE CALLED TO PROTECT THE INTERESTS OF LAW ABIDING CITIZENS.



SKINHEAD DOES NOT SEE THE ANSWER TO HIS ADOLESCENT PROBLEMS IN POLICE CUSTODY.



AS SKINHEAD'S STRUGGLE FOR SOCIAL ACCEPTANCE GATHERS MOMENTUM, NEW MEASURES ARE CALLED FOR BY THE AUTHORITIES. (CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE)

The man...

THIS IS THE MAN WHO NEVER SPEAKS...



HE JUST MAKES NOISES INSTEAD.

ISN'T HE ZANY?



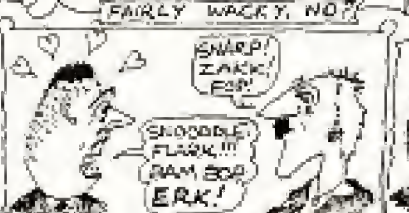
AS YOU CAN SEE, HE'S A MADCAP PERSON.



HE COULD NEVER MAKE HIS WISHES CLEAR.



UNFORTUNATELY HE OFTEN BECOMES SAD AND DEPRESSED, BECAUSE HE HAS MISUNDERSTOOD AND LAUGHED AT BY MANY....



UNTIL....



BUT...



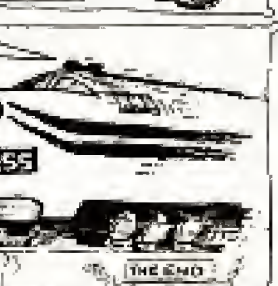
AND... AT WORK...



SO...



THEN!



OH!

A YIP TONY EFFORT © WIL 1980

THE ZANY WANY ZANE-O-POP WACK WACK WACK PAGE

DANCIN' DAVE SET

FOR DISCO TAKE-OFF

Tyneside pop sensation Dave Maughan can't wait to loose his job! That was the news from teenage popster Dave, as his pop group LOW PROFILE look set to become the stars of the eighties. The group plan to turn professional, and that would mean "Chaerid!" to Dave's job as an office worker at the DRSS. And that is something Dave wouldn't mind at all!

"We have been in touch with local radio and have spent £400 on demo tapes for national distribution," says Dave, the region's follow up to Sting.

FUNKY

The all Georgia disco quintet who have been funkign audiences at the Polytechnic, The Trant House, the Percy Arms and Newlands Gill since Easter 1978 have no solid plans for future gigs, "but I write music intensively", says Dave, 20, and at six foot a sure fire hit with the chicks.

SINGLE

Dave insists that their music is contemporary rock "influenced by Yes, Genesis and Weather Report", but he can't fool the North's disco lovers who are anxiously awaiting the release of a disco double smash single featuring "Monk Rock" ("It's getting to be a habit") and "Disco Foot". Jokingly, Dave says the band do not intend to release any such single.



DAVE

LIKES POP MUSIC

Dave, nicknamed 'Michael Jackson Mk II' because of his natural rhythms modestly disputes the fact that the band are disco wonders, but as their tapes receive more and more city air-play there are more than just a few dance floor ripples beginning to appear. Dave hopes eventually to get a recording contract, and we will certainly wish him luck and disco success of chart monster proportions.

A fair bet, I'd say!

☆ In an interview with Andy Ashhole, pop expert.

ANOTHER ANTI-POP EXCLUSIVE - ONLY IN YOUR VIZ COMIC!

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

WAVIS NOSE BEST!!

POP IDOL WAVIS O'HAVE CERTAINLY NOSE WHAT HE WANTS! For so-sky Wavis, 13, has nose'd his way into the heart of sex symbol ITV newscaster Anna Ford where he claims to have carved a niche for himself.

LOVE

His love for the pretty presenter blossomed when Miss Ford first showed her perfectly formed nose on BBC's science programme "Tomorrow's World".

GLUED

And Wavis' eyes are glued to the tube every time the distinctive strains of the News At Ten signature tune rings out. And Anna certainly has nose'd ahead of Angela Rippon on Wavis' glamurometer!

MUSIC

Now the love struck singer has put his passions to music on his debut L.P., saucily titled "Anna Ford's Bum", which nosed straight into the charts soon after release.

WACKY

The reclusive teenage heartthrob who hides behind the Taffee false boater is no mean talent when it comes to crooning either. But oh-so wacky Wavis isn't fooling anyone when he sings "I'm in love with her shoe", in which he claims to have pledged his troth



only to Anna's dainty footwear. You may think he's cutting off his sneek just to spite his face...

INFLUENCE

But it comes as no surprise to find such a person sporting wack! No siree! He lists among his many influences Chico Marx, Rasputin, Tramps (who? - thick Ed.) and the ultra zany Residents. But as to whether such outrageousness will ever capture pretty Anna's love is anybody's guess!

SOUL

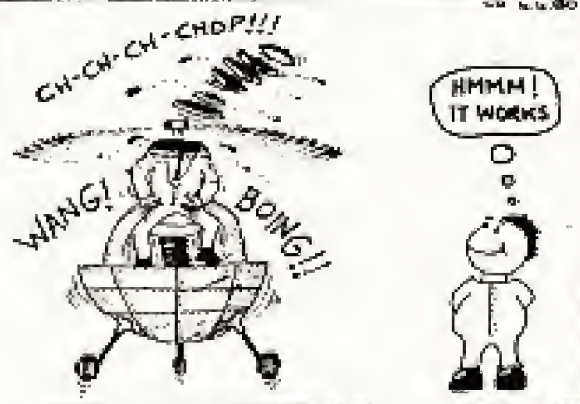
As to the future, Wavis has modest ambitions - he believes that he and Anna will eventually unite as twin souls, and he hopes to start world war three, as well as scoring Scotland's winning goal in the World Cup, and to die during a mutual orgasm with Miss Ford.

BURIAL

But this young man's career, nay, his life, may be called into question if he fulfills his other ambition - premature burial! The whole wacky issue depends on how premature this burial is to be!! (A fair bet, I'd say! - Ed.)

Wacky - NZ - Conk 2nd.

professor piehead



TIM HARRISON, SURREY NEWS HACK AND CONTRIBUTOR TO PRIVATE EYE HAS SIGNED FOR VIZ COMICS !!!!! READ VIZ COMICS AND KEEP UP TO DATE WITH TIM HARRISON THE MAN THAT MATTERS.

COMPANY CARS

BY TIM HARRISON



I want a company car. The only trouble is that they don't give them to professional fishmongers - let alone fish scale scrapers.

I am prepared to wait for a while, but the frustration is building up, just like the prices. Damn Budget! (Mmm... Grrr!! Ed.) I want a car... and it must be a company car. Why a company car? Settle back, patient reader. (Gnnnn... Ed.)

Company cars can go places other cars cannot. Do things other cars find impossible. You can drive in first gear at 50 mph in a company car. Company cars go over kerbs, scrape lamposts and generally impress the neighbours.

They glide through mud, splash through puddles and skid through snow where other cars fear to tread (or fear to lose their tread). (Vomittt... Ed.) They guzzle petrol - but no one minds. They get cleaned when it rains - but it doesn't matter - and best of all, they get mended absolutely free when they break down.

If you want you could enter your company car in rough and dirty cross-country rallies. Their suspension is remarkable. Company cars bounce. Ordinary cars don't.

I have approached many people about finding company cars. All my friends have them, but if I go up to a dealer and ask if they have any in stock I just get thrown out into the street. I'd love to be run over by a company car... to feel that super metal slice me apart, feel the revving engine charge the wheels into dissecting my body. But I am getting carried away.

The adverts tell you that you can do it in an MG. Don't listen to them. You can do it in a company car, but in nothing else. It's my birthday next week. What are you going to buy me?

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE VIZ VERY INTRIGUING Cross Word

BY AZA

ACROSS
3. A small insect

DOWN
1. Ex Blackpool, Everton & Arsenal International.
2. Another one of these insects.

ANSWERS ON PAGE ELEVEN

advertisement

Oh dear! All my kids have got fillings and my coffee HUMS!! I'll buy ordinary powder.

No Edna, don't be a **DAFT BASTARD**, buy "AZOX" for those tough-to-clean whites

DON'T BE A DAFT BASTARD BUY AZOX

(Also good for greasy hair and sagging breasts)

North Woman In Park Blitz Horror

by our legal correspondent

North Magistrates yesterday heard how a 21 year old housewife and her 2 year old daughter were terrified as bullets from a hovering helicopter whistled past their heads and damaged benches and nearby floral arrangements at the City's Exhibition Park last month.

VIETNAM

Mr Tiggy-Get, prosecuting, told the court how 46 year old D.I.Y. fanatic Arthur Cubbins had constructed

a 'Vietnam style' helicopter gunship in his garden shed at Peartree Gardens, Gosforth, and flown it too the park with the intention of "hotting things up a little" by spraying holidaymakers with shells, bullets and burning petrol. Cubbins, 40, an unemployed handyman of Cedarview Ave, Gosforth, denies charges of piloting a makeshift helicopter gunship with intent to endanger life, damaging public property by means of automatic gunfire and flying without a license.

Mr Sam Hope, defending, said that Cubbins had been to see the film 'Apocalypse Now' that afternoon, and had acted irrationally and on the spur of the moment. He added that his client, a man of previous good character had since suffered feelings of remorse and intended to apologise to the people involved.

BOMBING

Cubbins, 44, of Gosforth, was until recently serving an 18 month sentence having been found guilty of bombing Germany

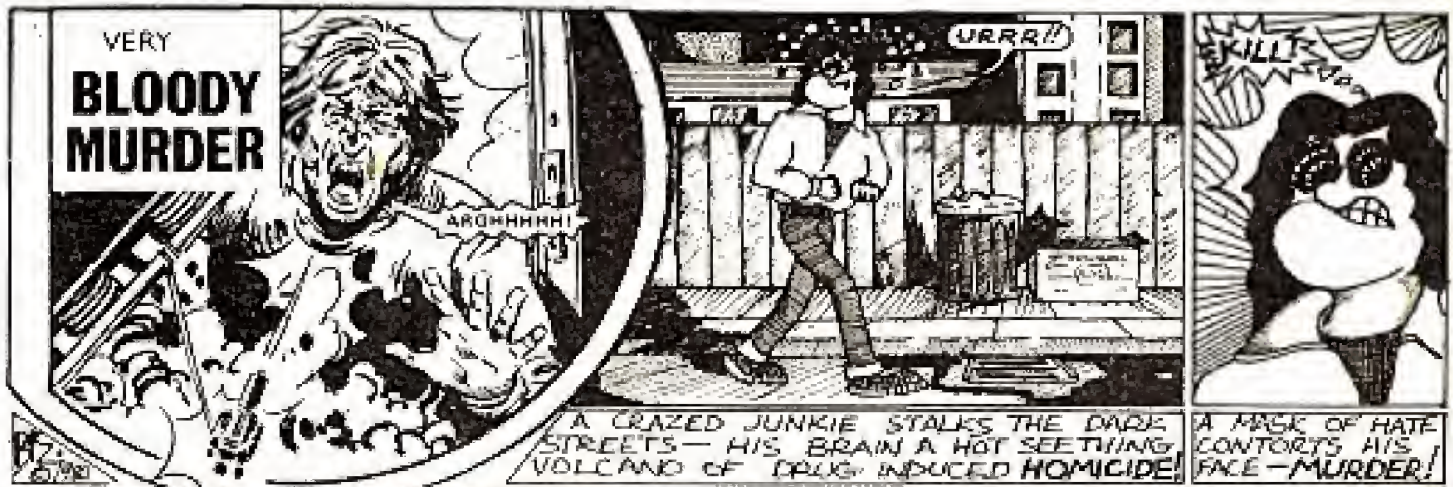
following a one-man air raid on Cologne in July 1978.



MR. CUBBINS

At yesterday's trial an application for bail was refused by Judge Ryttheback on the recommendation of the local constabulary. The case continues.

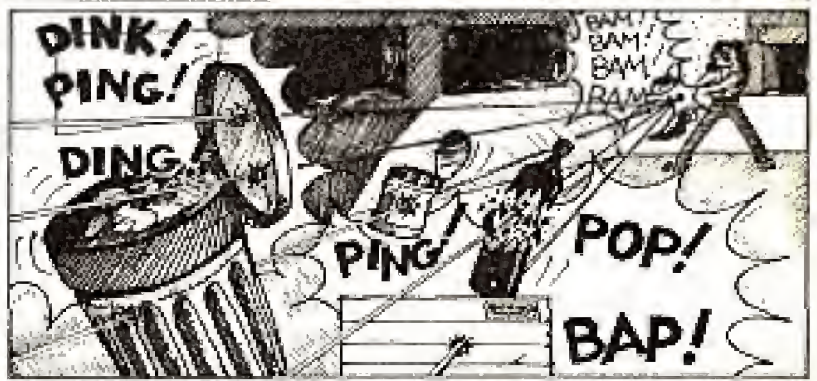
ICD AND BIZ '88



A CRAZED JUNKIE STALKS THE DARK STREETS - HIS BRAIN A HOT SEETHING VOLCANO OF DRUG-INDUCED HOMICIDE!



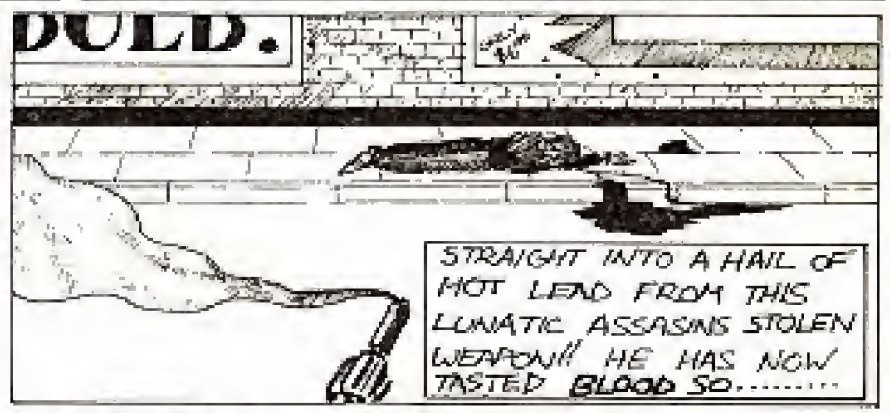
A '45 GOES MISSING FROM MAC'S.....



A LUNATIC'S TARGET PRACTICE IN AN ALLEY AT DAWN!



THIS YOUNG MAN WENT JOGGING...



Aboard the USS Intergalactic, the crew goes busy chasing the villain DOCT BULDER across the galaxy.



STAND BY WITH
THE TOILET
PAPER, FOCK
IN CASE WE
HAVE TO DO
A HOPING-U
OPERATION!

YES MR. FROCK
GET AHEAD TO
CHECK ON THE
COORDINATES
AND REPORT.

CAPTAIN, WE'VE A CLOSE UP OF
THE BLACK HOLE AND IT LOOKS
LIKE A BURNING

MEANTIME - IN DIRT BUSTERS
VEHICLE SPEEDING AWAY

THERE'LL BE A
NEXT TIME
BIGGER, JUST
WAIT AND SEE!

1044-1045

STILL, HE HADN'T
JUST HAD A 40%
WAGE RISE
EITHER

I GUESS THAT'S WHAT'S CALLED CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS

100-
 Navy for Hammond
 1935.

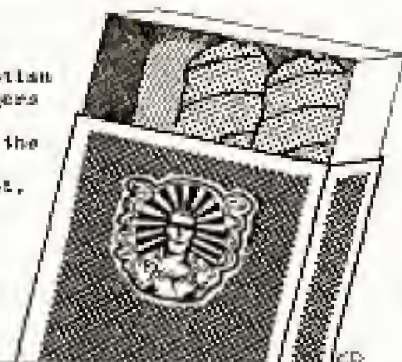
SCORING: 0 1 2 or 3 points

mummie's dicks

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mummies' wangers
nutured and
mellowed in the
pyramids of
ancient Egypt.



H. M. GOVERNMENTS* WARNING:
EVERY PACKED CARRIES AN EGYPTIAN CURSE

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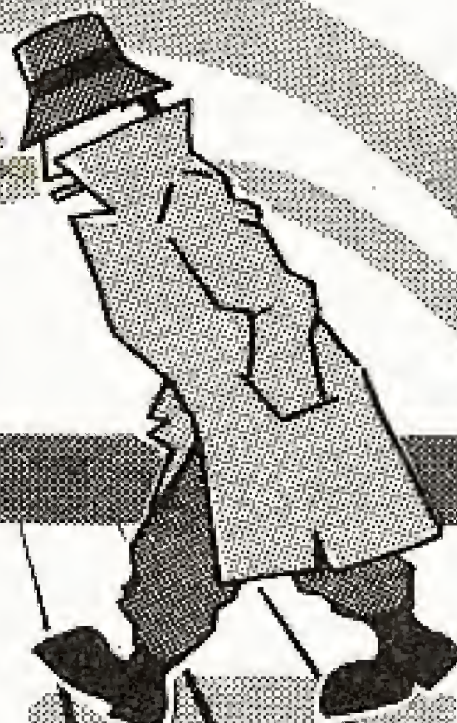
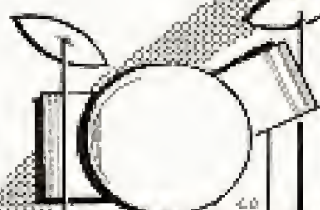
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recommended by us, and is
possibly the second best
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